

Blind Dates

Mine spoke extensively of hair and nails. When I suggested impeaching this sonofabitch of a president, she gushed "Oh I love him!"

Well mine resembled the horses that formed her special madness. Lectured thereupon. I'll tell you, you really can't speak of their morals, but if you could...!

They're pigs!

Nah. Lousy comparison. Most of those are smarter than people. Just need to be organized.

No more denial. I'm finished! Interested in a suicide pact, statement, manifesto?

Whatever. I'm onboard.

Start a draft now?

Nah. That's just a step towards giving it meaning.

Method? Nosedive? Gun? Searing cocktail?

What the fuck's the difference?

Class. Background. Science.

Why we've lost our minds.